

The Middletown Transcript

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER.
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THE TRANSCRIPT is published every Saturday Morning, and delivered by carrier to subscribers residing in Middletown. ADVERTISEMENTS will be inserted at a reasonable rate as is compatible with a high-class newspaper having a large circulation than any other weekly paper published in the State.

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CHANGING THEIR TACTICS.

Listen to President Cleveland's "Cousin Ben." Folson in his speech to his English audience at Sheffield. "In closing my career in Sheffield as Consul for the United States, it affords me satisfaction to think that before another twelve months has rolled by Sheffield will not be subjected to the onerous and oppressive tariff duties that have restricted her trade." Well, the country evidently thought that our Democratic friends were sincere when they shouted "the tariff is a tax" too intolerable to be born by the unhappy consumer in America. But "Cousin Ben" has evidently forgotten the very old saying that "in order to be a successful liar you should keep on lying," or else he has forgotten how to be consistent, for he comes out boldly and tells his English colleagues that the burden is on them, and bids them be of good cheer, for in twelve months the mighty markets beyond the Atlantic, now reserved for the sixty-five million of people whose genius and toil created them, shall be theirs without restriction.

Listen again to President Cleveland when Mr. Carr, from England, was introduced to him, and the President was informed that Mr. Carr had come to see some of those tin-plate works in the United States that had been established by the Republican party. "Well Mr. Carr, when you do find them, be sure to let me know their exact location, for we have been searching for these tin plate works for some years now and have failed to find them."

Mr. Cleveland could not fail to know that at that minute, official reports in the Treasury Department revealed the fact that no less a number than forty-two tin plate mills were then in operation and employing many thousands of men, and every one of those mills were brought into existence since 1890. But we need not be surprised at this, when we remember that during the campaign last fall, any mention of expansion of manufacturing or the building of mills to the contrary Democrat stump orator would almost certainly fall down in a fit similar to that of a dog smitten with hydrophobia. Now that the country is reaping the first fruits of their political heresies and false teachings, in the fact that the business of the country is stagnant and the mills stopped, we are confronted with the most amusing and ridiculous spectacle of the same iconoclasts of twelve months ago now going round with their finger across their lips, saying h-u-s-h, speak easy, don't talk about hard times. It's discouraging. And if, from any quarter, the news comes that a mill has started again on half-time or quarter-time, either half-pay or no-pay, we hear a chorus of Democrats like a lot of barnyard roosters cackling over a new found much work. We are not complaining. It does our hearts good to note the change that is stealing over your hearts a little more adversity (of that kind you know that makes strange bed fellows) will bring you to your senses after awhile.

We publish in another column an article from the editorial page of the New York Sun on "The Farmer and the Crisis," which we deem one of the strongest putting of the facts on the subject treated of, that we have ever seen. This article is a plain arrangement of facts which cannot be successfully refuted. It shows conclusively that the purchasing power of the farmer is directly chargeable to over production, and over production is induced by the accession of the millions of acres which were the Government's gift to the farmer, and the farmer has been able to make this mighty gift available by labor-saving machinery and the unprecedented building of railroads, both of which are the direct product peculiar to the genius of the age, which in its inventive phases, is the marvel of all mankind. The article further shows that while the great increase in ratio of farm production has been going on, the proportion of population engaged in husbandry has been waning; having declined from very much more than half of our population to about 45 per cent. Suppose for the past 25 years the policy of our government had been the reverse of that which has obtained, and the industrial interests and growth of city life, instead of being augmented, had declined, and thereby inevitably augmenting the proportion of population engaged in the pursuits of country life, what would then have been the condition of the husbandman? Let our free trade friends answer.

The Speech of Senator Higgins in the Senate on Friday has been universally declared to be one of the strongest yet made on the question of repeal. The speech showed the result of a careful consideration of the subject, and fully demonstrated the fact that Mr. Higgins is one of the broadest statesmen in Congress, and well can Delawareans be proud, and especially the Republicans of Delaware that they are represented by such a man. While

the last year, probably the two greatest speeches which have been made in this country, and which have attracted the most attention have been those made by Senator Higgins. His speech on Canadian Annexation brought him the highest compliments from ocean to ocean, and his speech on Silver adds another laurel to his wreath. Senator Higgins' speeches are always worth listening to, and for so young a Senator he has probably made the greatest record in the Senate. In another column we print extracts from this admirable speech, and we advise those who are carefully considering the subject that is now being so freely discussed to give it a careful perusal.

THE TRANSCRIPT would like to call the attention of our Town Fathers to some sections of the sidewalks of our Town. In a great many places there are depressions which, whenever a rain comes are filled with a puddle of water that on a dark night, in nine cases out of ten, one is forced to walk through. In other places there is a good stretch of pavement there comes a space of miserable little cobblestones that make walking almost unbearable. In the kindest way we desire to call our Town Fathers' attention to the necessity of something being done with our sidewalks.

The attempt upon the part of the Democratic majority in the House of Representatives to take up the repeal of the Federal Election Bill displays a degree of partisanship which should meet with the disapproval of every right thinking man, especially when we consider the fact that the country is now passing through a severe depression both financial and industrial when these partisan questions should be laid aside, at least until the graver questions of finance and tariff are settled. It does, at least show poor taste and worse spirit when the administration is dependent upon the votes of the Republican minority to pass the Repeal Act that right in the close they should engage in this purely partisan legislation.

THE FARMER AND THE CRISIS.

When, by reason of unfavorable conditions, nearly half of the population is deprived in whole or in part of its power to purchase of the products of those engaged in manufacturing industries, the whole commercial and industrial world suffers from paralysis; the exchanges become deranged; hoarding, money, monetary stringency follows; mills, factories, and furnaces close; operatives, ceasing to earn, lose their power to purchase of the products of their own labor as well as of the labor of others; and the circle of declining activity constantly widens.

Such are the conditions now existing, and they are largely if not almost wholly due, primarily, to the loss of the power on the part of some 45 per cent. of the people to purchase of other than the veriest necessities. On the other hand, whenever this great multitude of people have large revenues, their purchases are of such volume and the character and quantity bought so constant that manufacturing plants are fully employed, and new ones are built to meet augmenting demands; the mill owner buys raw material in advance of consumption; operatives and artisans have constant work; the wage scale being an ascending one, the ability of the worker to buy of the products of his own labor and of the labor of others is enhanced; money, seeks employment with confidence; the merchant's stock rapidly disappears and is constantly replenished; collections are easy, and, in short, labor is fully employed, manufacturers overrun with orders, money is abundant, and times are good.

As the prices of farm products have fallen, so has declined the purchasing power of that great body of producers constituting nearly half the working force of the nation, and so waned the prosperity of all.

At the taking of the census of 1870, 52 per cent. of all the males following regular vocations were engaged in agriculture, and this was approximately the proportion of the people living upon the farm; but by 1890, owing to the growth of manufacturing, the proportion had been reduced below 49 per cent., and is now probably about 45 per cent.

After the close of the civil war, farm products brought such prices that the 52 per cent. of the population then directly dependent upon agriculture had ample revenue; their purchases of the products of manufacturing were so liberal that many establishments ran night and day; the mill owner, the producer of raw material, the merchant, and all those engaged directly and indirectly in distribution or construction, as well as those employed in the subsidiary industries, were fully employed at remunerative rates, the result being an era of prosperity never equalled in our history, as neither before or since have those prices for farm products been equalled.

country, until it has become more than sufficient to meet the demands reduced by reason of the loss of revenue suffered by the greatest body of workers in the country.

The nation is likely never again to have its economic conditions hidden by a factitious prosperity growing out of great railway constructions, as such operations are no longer possible, there being no region, except very limited Southern areas, where expenditures could be made to appear as promising returns to tempt the possessors of available funds.

For more than fifteen years, 1878 to 1893, all the great primary agricultural staples have been declining in price, although there have been periods when the price of some one was high for a limited time. This is more notably true as respects secondary products, especially meats and lard; but the trend of the whole scale has been constantly downward, and the general price level at the end of each year was lower than at its beginning. In the mean time, there has been no material reduction in the cost of production, the self-binder, the gang-plough, the mowing, hay tedder and hay loader, and all other great improvements in agricultural machinery, having come into use prior to 1878. Subsequent modifications and improvements have been in the direction of greater facility in operation rather than of lessened cost.

While it is true that there has been a material reduction in the cost of farming implements, such reduction has not always resulted in lessening the cost of production on the farm, as new machines have often displaced those which were but partially worn and which were quite as efficient. It is probable that upon farms large enough to warrant the purchase of full lines of improved machinery, the cost of production has thereby been lessened ten per cent., but such farms constituting less than five per cent. of the whole area under cultivation, the aggregate saving from such economies has been slight, and has probably been fully offset by the progressively increasing use of commercial fertilizers, which has been found necessary in all the region east of the Mississippi; not to increase the fertility of the land, but simply to prevent further deterioration.

While the cost of production cannot have been lessened as much as five per cent. since 1875, prices for the staple products of the farm averaged 82 per cent. greater during the five years ending with 1875 than now. This is especially true as respects the five staples: corn, wheat, oats, hay, and cotton, which employ 195,000,000 out of the 206,000,000 acres now devoted to staple crops.

The following table shows, in five year averages, the gold value per acre (in the local farm markets) of the product of the five staples named, for quinquennial periods, since 1805, and an estimate of the value, with average yields, of an acre under each such staple in 1893 at present prices:

Year	Wheat	Corn	Oats	Hay	Cotton
1805-1809	\$1.00	\$1.00	\$1.00	\$1.00	\$1.00
1810-1814	\$1.00	\$1.00	\$1.00	\$1.00	\$1.00
1815-1819	\$1.00	\$1.00	\$1.00	\$1.00	\$1.00
1820-1824	\$1.00	\$1.00	\$1.00	\$1.00	\$1.00
1825-1829	\$1.00	\$1.00	\$1.00	\$1.00	\$1.00
1830-1834	\$1.00	\$1.00	\$1.00	\$1.00	\$1.00
1835-1839	\$1.00	\$1.00	\$1.00	\$1.00	\$1.00
1840-1844	\$1.00	\$1.00	\$1.00	\$1.00	\$1.00
1845-1849	\$1.00	\$1.00	\$1.00	\$1.00	\$1.00
1850-1854	\$1.00	\$1.00	\$1.00	\$1.00	\$1.00
1855-1859	\$1.00	\$1.00	\$1.00	\$1.00	\$1.00
1860-1864	\$1.00	\$1.00	\$1.00	\$1.00	\$1.00
1865-1869	\$1.00	\$1.00	\$1.00	\$1.00	\$1.00
1870-1874	\$1.00	\$1.00	\$1.00	\$1.00	\$1.00
1875-1879	\$1.00	\$1.00	\$1.00	\$1.00	\$1.00
1880-1884	\$1.00	\$1.00	\$1.00	\$1.00	\$1.00
1885-1889	\$1.00	\$1.00	\$1.00	\$1.00	\$1.00
1890-1894	\$1.00	\$1.00	\$1.00	\$1.00	\$1.00
1895-1899	\$1.00	\$1.00	\$1.00	\$1.00	\$1.00

If, as is altogether probable, the revenue derived from the cultivation of each acre of the staples named has not, since 1885 been in excess of the cost of production, then it is readily seen that the workers among the 30,000,000 who inhabit the farms of the United States have for eight years received no more than laborers' wages, and could purchase but the barest necessities. As prices now current are 21 per cent. below the average of 1885 to 1890, it follows that the products of the farm are now sold below the cost of production, and that the farmer is wholly without purchasing power other than such as results from his wages as a common laborer.

Granting that present prices even cover the cost of production, or say \$8.15 an acre, it is evident that every cent that can be added thereto will be in the nature of profits or rent, and will add that much to the purchasing or debt-paying power of the cultivator; and there is abundant evidence that \$8.15 does not represent the actual average cost of producing the staple products, and that the farmer's debt-paying and purchasing power has been reduced to that of the lower class of laborer, and will afford him, while present prices obtain, but the means of the most meagre subsistence. That present prices are below the cost of production appears probable from the fact that, outside of a few favorably situated communities, there has been no reduction of farm indebtedness in recent years, while the farmer has, over wide areas, from year to year been reducing his purchases of the products of manufacturing, although his revenues have been 21 per cent. above the present level.

The extent of the reductions made in revenue from each acre under staple crops, is best shown by saying that the acre revenue from 1865 to 1870 was \$7.69, or 63 per cent. greater than in 1875; 1870 to 1880 it was \$3.73, or 46 per cent. greater than in 1893; from 1881 to 1885 it was \$3.13, or 38 per cent. greater than in 1893; from 1886 to 1890 it was \$1.47, or 21 per cent. greater than in 1893. The great diminution in the purchasing power of the farmer, implied by these progressive reductions in acreage revenue, without compensating reductions in the cost of cultivation, is thus clearly shown; and the enormous yearly aggregate of lost purchasing power is comprehensible only when we multiply the acres now employed in growing staples by the declines shown in the acreage value of products since 1870. While very accurately measuring the farmer's loss of revenue by reason of declining value of acreage product, even multiplying the acres under staple crops fails to show the whole loss, as no account is thereby taken of the reduction in the

value of animals and the thousand and one things produced in the United States, which have suffered, in many cases, quite as great a decline in value as have the great staples to which this showing is confined.

As 206,000,000 acres are now employed in growing staple crops, it follows that the power of the farmer to purchase is this year \$1,563,000,000 less than it would be if he was receiving the prices of 1865 to 70 for his great staples. If the prices now realized in the farm markets equaled those received from 1871 to 1875, the farmer would this year be able to spend \$1,450,000,000 more for manufactures and other commodities than he will be able to spend with prices at the present level. Were prices now equal to the average of those obtained from 1870 to 1880, the purchasing power of the farmer would this year be augmented by \$708,000,000. Should the crops of 1893 give average yields and the prices equal those current from 1881 to 1885, the farmer's spending power would be \$645,000,000 greater than with present prices. Even with prices as low as those prevailing from 1886 to 1890, the farmers of the United States would have \$358,000,000 added to their debt-paying and purchasing power in 1893; and like advances on the other products of the farm would create an ample fund for building and general improvement, thus employing more labor.

The least of these sums, added to the sums yearly distributed among the producers of metals and textiles, would afford employment for great numbers, keep the mills in motion, make money abundant, and bring good times.

Much stress is laid upon the necessity of cheap food for the wage worker; but what possible benefit can be derived from a cheapness that deprives the 30,000,000 who produce food and fibre, the ability to keep the wage worker employed by buying the products of artisan and operative?

Doubling the present price of wheat would probably add the price of six or eight days' labor to the cost of the year's supply of bread for the average family, but with wheat at an average of \$1 a bushel at the farm markets, and other farm products at proportionate prices, there would be no idle mills, and the earner of wages would have that easily procured and constant work which would assure him the continuous ability to buy bread. Would not that be far better than the existing conditions and bread unattainable though low in price?

We recently published a statement to the effect that the 1000 young women employed in the Warner corset factory at Bridgeport, Conn., had been reduced to half time; that 600 of them were unable to buy food, and were fed by the charity of their employer. Such conditions exist because the women upon the farms are unable to rest their corsets with wheat selling at the Mississippi at from 30 to 40 cents a bushel.

The relation between the price of wheat, the lack of power to buy corsets and the idleness and inability of the women of Bridgeport to buy bread, is as obvious as that between the earth's movements and day and night.

However people may have disagreed about the late Zach Chandler's statement, no one questioned his success as a merchant, and this was due as much to his power of discerning economic conditions affecting his customers as to the unerring judgment with which he provided salable goods. Soon after the close of the civil war, being asked if he could find sale in the farming districts for a lot of rich dress goods, which he was shipping to small inland towns, his reply was characteristic: "Sell them! Sell them! Why, the women on the farms of Michigan have discarded homespun and calicoes for silk and merino, and no farmer's son now thinks of going out to plough unless dressed in doekins trousers and calfskin boots. Don't you know that what is selling at \$2 a bushel?"

Such was the late Mr. Chandler's way of stating the operation of that economic law which enables people to buy liberally of the products of others. Mills and furnaces are idle, and operatives unable to buy bread, because a large part of the 30,000,000 inhabitants of the farms have lost their purchasing power; the purchasing power has been lost because the products of the soil have, over wide areas, sold at or below the cost of production; farm products being inadequate prices because, primarily, of the existence during recent years of a cultivated acreage in excess of the world's requirements; and there are those who believe that the depressing influence of this excessive acreage upon prices has been intensified and augmented by methods employed upon the Produce Exchanges.

When we reflect that had the 400,000,000 bushels of wheat exported since July 1, 1891, brought but fifteen cents more a bushel, the corn exported ten cents more, and the cotton exported only four mills more a pound, fully \$100,000,000 less in gold would have gone abroad, and many millions less in American securities have been sent back; we can understand that the purchasing power of the farmer would have been enhanced by several hundred millions, as like advances would have been secured on all similar products sold at home.

Such an addition to the farmer's power to purchase would have kept the mills and furnaces employed; the operatives, having constant work at high wages, would be able to buy bread; and their power to purchase of the products of the labor of others, would be vastly increased; gold would be abundant, confidence unimpaired and prosperity still be the rule.

With prices of farm products again such as to afford fair remuneration for the labor and capital employed in production, as they presently must be by reason of the elimination of the world's acreage excess, the purchases of the 30,000,000 upon our farms will help to keep every spindle busy; labor in towns will, at least for a time, be well employed; hoarding will cease, confidence

will be restored, money become abundant, and an era of prosperity will result from the operation of that natural law which is the ultimate arbiter in determining the price of nearly every product of labor.—New York Sun.

\$100 Reward. \$100.

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WHEN THE SPANISH NEEDLE BLOOMS.
BY ALBERT BIERLOW FAIRBANKS

When the sunbeams are slyly on the
holloes and the hills,
And the goldenrod is budding, kind o' wait-
ing like until
Frosty mornings have unfolded all its
regimental plumes,
There's a little interregnum when the Span-
ish needle blooms.

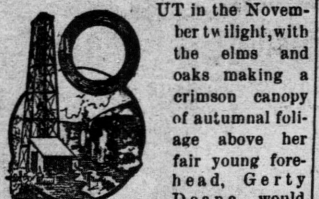
Now the nights are growing chilly, and the
mornings cool and calm,
And the days are sweet and sunny, filled
with nature's pungent balm;
There's a rare intoxication in those aromatic
tunes,
When the sunflower is slyly on the
Spanish needle blooms.

There's a mist upon the meadow in those
dreamy autumn days,
And the world is bathed at evening in an
amethystine haze.
There's joy in mere existence that the rap-
tured soul consumes,
When the goldenrod is budding and the
Spanish needle blooms.

O, the fallow fields of autumn, they are full
of drifting and the hills,
And 'tis there I seek for treasure like a
cavalier of old.
For the jewels of her sunsets—or her caquet
of personages
For the precious joy of living when the
Spanish needle blooms.

Love That Might ...Have Been

Or the Wayside Bud That Bloomed
Out a Royal Rose.



UT in the Novem-
ber twilight, with
the elms and
oaks making a
crimson canopy
of autumnal foli-
age above her
fair young form,
head, Gertrude
Deane would
have made a pretty subject for an
artist's sketch as she stood in her pale
pink muslin dress, and her jetty
silk hair all blown about in the riotous
autumn breeze.

"Oh, Robert," she cried, her dimpled
face brightened as a tall figure strode
over the slope of the hill, "I thought
you would never come!"

Mr. Clare surveyed his pretty fiancée
critically.

"Don't do that, little one," said he,
as she tried to relieve him of one of his
traveling wraps. "How you are sunburned!
And I think you stoop a
little. I wish they would look after
you a little more."

"I'm sorry I don't suit you," said
she, in a trembling voice. "You
used to like me before you got that hor-
rid office in the custom house, and left
Coombe Valley."

"A man is not fossil, child," said
Mr. Clare, carelessly. "We grow men-
tally as well as physically; and no one
can help his tastes changing."

"Robert," said Gertrude, "your letters
have puzzled me of late, and your
words and manners now puzzle me
still more. Do you mean that you are
tired of me?"

"How you do catechize one!" said
Clare, impatiently. "Did I say that I was
tired of you? You are a dear,
sweet-natured little puss, and, of
course, a man can't expect to have
everything on one. But the truth is
that I have been mixing in rather in-
tellectual society of late, and after a
taste of champagne it's hard to come
down to cold water again."

Gertrude looked wistfully at him.

"I don't venture to call myself intel-
lectual," she said; "but I read a great
deal, and I try to keep up with the age."
Robert—O, indeed, for your sake."

"My darling," said he, "you are per-
fect as you are. A man doesn't expect
a canary to ape the liquid notes of the
nightingale. Now run in out of the
dew, and tell them to bring me a cup
of tea."

Gertrude obeyed, docile, but still un-
convinced. She was almost sorry for
a moment—almost, but not quite—
that she was engaged to him. And the
more she thought of it, the more she
was determined to free him from bonds
which she instinctively felt were be-
coming burdensome.

And so that very day, when Robert
Clare was dreaming over a book, with
the blossoming clouds of the apple-
tree raining their soft pink shells down
over his head, Gertrude came resolutely
out to him with a little turquoise ring
in her hand.

"Robert," said she, "I have been
thinking the matter over, and I have
come to the conclusion that we shall
both be happier if our futures separate
from this point."

"Gertrude!" he exclaimed, in amaze-
ment.

"Here's the engagement ring,
Robert," said she. "Please don't
attempt to argue the point, for nothing
will induce me to change my mind."
He accepted the tiny blue token re-
luctantly.

"You will remember, Gertrude," said
he, "that this is your own doing."
"I shall not forget it," said she.

"Seen her! No, of course I haven't
seen her," said Mr. Clare. "We have
corresponded for three years, and I've
never as much as looked at her photo-
graph!"

"Ingenious, eh?" said Philip Wayne,
carelessly.

"Something of that sort. And you
really know her?"

"I have the pleasure of knowing her
most intimately," returned Wayne.

"She is beautiful, of course?"

"Very."

"And her manner?"

"She is very quiet and retiring. No
one would ever suspect, either, that she
was a successful authoress, or a
most cultivated woman."

Clare sprang up from his chair in en-
thusiasm.

"So much the better," said he.

"But you haven't told me," inter-
rupted Wayne, "how you commenced
to correspond with a person whom you
never saw?"

"Oh, that is plain enough. I had
been reading 'A Lost Love,' and, in
the magnetic spell of the moment, sat
down and wrote to the authoress—dis-
tinctly, of course, to the care of her

publishers. She answered my letters
in the same spirit—and, by jove, old
fellow, this correspondence has been a
treat all along. Her letters are charm-
ing."

Mr. Wayne smiled.

"I see that I shall have to introduce
you," said he.

Clare wrung his hand.

"I shall be your debtor all my life-
time if you will," cried he.

"I am going down to see her this
afternoon," said Wayne; "and if you
will meet me at three o'clock train, I
will venture to insure you a warm
welcome."

"I'll be as punctual as the clock,"
said Robert Clare, with sparkling eyes
and heightened color.

And he kept his word.

"Coombe Valley, eh?" said he, glance-
ing at the railway tickets in his friend's
hand. "Why! it can't be possible! I
was a boy there. I know everyone in
Coombe Valley."

"Then perhaps you know this lady?"
Clare shook his head.

"All the men at Combe Valley are
humdrum, money-making machines,"
said he. "All the women are scullions
and stupid, without an idea beyond
croquet and worsted work. But per-
haps she is visiting there."

"We shall see," said Wayne.

At the station a little close carriage
met them, with a respectable driver in
plain clothes, who touched his hat to
Mr. Wayne as if he was a familiar
guest, and away they whirled, under
the bending green elm boughs, and
past the peaceful hemlock-lined road
the way to the village.

"Why!" exclaimed Clare, as the car-
riage drew up in front of a pretty stone
villa, "this is the old Deane mansion!
What on earth are you stopping here
for?"

"Yes," said Wayne: "it is the old
Deane mansion; and here is your un-
known correspondent, the authoress of
'A Lost Love,' coming to welcome us."

And the next moment he had folded
a slight figure in his arms with a most
loving kiss. She disengaged herself,
laughing and blushing.

"Phil, what an uncivilized savage
you are!" said she. "And I have not
even spoken to Mr. Clare."

But Mr. Clare stood transfixed in a
sort of incredulous surprise.

"Gertrude!" cried he—"Gertrude Deane?"
She inclined her head, with a roguish
dimple in either cheek.

"Yes," said she; "Gertrude Deane. Oh!
you never dreamed that you were cor-
responding with me, did you? For
Philip's sister copied all my letters, and
posted them from town, and Phil didn't
object at all."

"But what business was it of Mr.
Wayne's?" rather haughtily demanded
Robert Clare.

"Oh, none in particular," said Gertrude;
"only we were married last month."

Clare stood aghast. His Gertrude—the
dark-eyed little gipsy who had once
been so submissive to his every whim—the
queen of the literary world—the un-
known correspondent whose glittering
intellect had so dazzled him—another
man's wife!

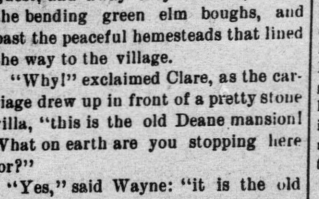
When the bud is only half open no
one can tell how royal a rose it may be-
come. And when Clare went back to
the city by the train that night, he
caught himself repeating the poet's re-
frain—

"O, all sad words of tongue or pen
The saddest are those—'it might have been.'"

For the book and the bookmaker
were both, as far as he was concerned,
"a lost love."

Love That Might ...Have Been

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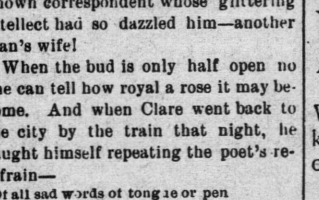
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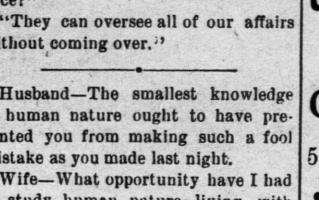
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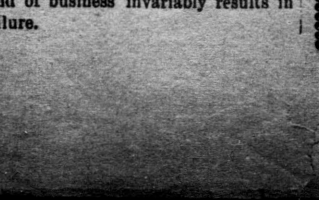
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Military Tactics.
A Confederate guard in South Caro-
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"You know your duty here, do you,
sentinel?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, now, suppose they should
open on you with shells and muske-
try, what would you do?"

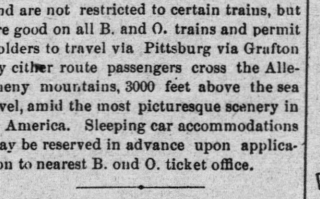
"Form a line, sir."

"What! One man form a line?"

"Yes, sir; form a bee line for camp,
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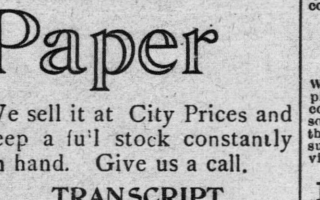
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And I think you stoop a
little. I wish they would look after
you a little more."

"I'm sorry I don't suit you," said
she, in a trembling voice. "You
used to like me before you got that hor-
rid office in the custom house, and left
Coombe Valley."

"A man is not fossil, child," said
Mr. Clare, carelessly. "We grow men-
tally as well as physically; and no one
can help his tastes changing."

"Robert," said Gertrude, "your letters
have puzzled me of late, and your
words and manners now puzzle me
still more. Do you mean that you are
tired of me?"

"How you do catechize one!" said
Clare, impatiently. "Did I say that I was
tired of you? You are a dear,
sweet-natured little puss, and, of
course, a man can't expect to have
everything on one. But the truth is
that I have been mixing in rather in-
tellectual society of late, and after a
taste of champagne it's hard to come
down to cold water again."

Gertrude looked wistfully at him.

"I don't venture to call myself intel-
lectual," she said; "but I read a great
deal, and I try to keep up with the age."
Robert—O, indeed, for your sake."

"My darling," said he, "you are per-
fect as you are. A man doesn't expect
a canary to ape the liquid notes of the
nightingale. Now run in out of the
dew, and tell them to bring me a cup
of tea."

Gertrude obeyed, docile, but still un-
convinced. She was almost sorry for
a moment—almost, but not quite—
that she was engaged to him. And the
more she thought of it, the more she
was determined to free him from bonds
which she instinctively felt were be-
coming burdensome.

And so that very day, when Robert
Clare was dreaming over a book, with
the blossoming clouds of the apple-
tree raining their soft pink shells down
over his head, Gertrude came resolutely
out to him with a little turquoise ring
in her hand.

"Robert," said she, "I have been
thinking the matter over, and I have
come to the conclusion that we shall
both be happier if our futures separate
from this point."

"Gertrude!" he exclaimed, in amaze-
ment.

"Here's the engagement ring,
Robert," said she. "Please don't
attempt to argue the point, for nothing
will induce me to change my mind."
He accepted the tiny blue token re-
luctantly.

"You will remember, Gertrude," said
he, "that this is your own doing."
"I shall not forget it," said she.

"Seen her! No, of course I haven't
seen her," said Mr. Clare. "We have
corresponded for three years, and I've
never as much as looked at her photo-
graph!"

"Ingenious, eh?" said Philip Wayne,
carelessly.

"Something of that sort. And you
really know her?"

"I have the pleasure of knowing her
most intimately," returned Wayne.

"She is beautiful, of course?"

"Very."

"And her manner?"

"She is very quiet and retiring. No
one would ever suspect, either, that she
was a successful authoress, or a
most cultivated woman."

Clare sprang up from his chair in en-
thusiasm.

"So much the better," said he.

"But you haven't told me," inter-
rupted Wayne, "how you commenced
to correspond with a person whom you
never saw?"

"Oh, that is plain enough. I had
been reading 'A Lost Love,' and, in
the magnetic spell of the moment, sat
down and wrote to the authoress—dis-
tinctly, of course, to the care of her

Love That Might ...Have Been

Or the Wayside Bud That Bloomed
Out a Royal Rose.



UT in the Novem-
ber twilight, with
the elms and
oaks making a
crimson canopy
of autumnal foli-
age above her
fair young form,
head, Gertrude
Deane would
have made a pretty subject for an
artist's sketch as she stood in her pale
pink muslin dress, and her jetty
silk hair all blown about in the riotous
autumn breeze.

"Oh, Robert," she cried, her dimpled
face brightened as a tall figure strode
over the slope of the hill, "I thought
you would never come!"

Mr. Clare surveyed his pretty fiancée
critically.

"Don't do that, little one," said he,
as she tried to relieve him of one of his
traveling wraps. "How you are sunburned!
And I think you stoop a
little. I wish they would look after
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